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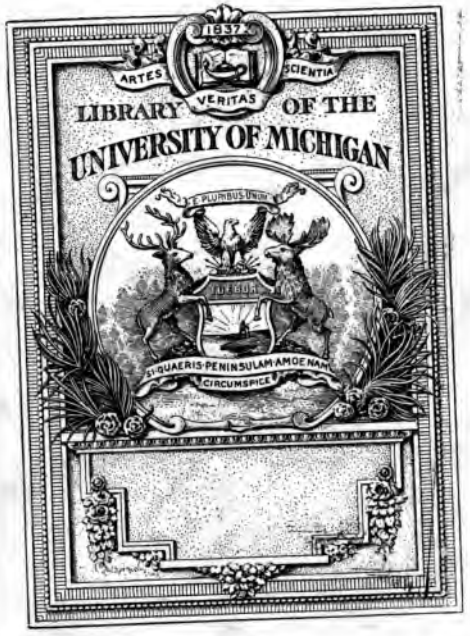
NOTES FROM THE ART SECTION OF A LIBRARY

WITH HINTS ON SELECTION AND BUYING

BY
CHARLES AMMI CUTTER

NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY SCHOOL
ALUMNI LECTURES, 1903

A. L. A. Publishing Board
10½ BEACON ST., BOSTON
1905


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General principles. The president of the New York State Library School Association has asked me to talk to you on the selection of books and pictures for a library. The vice director of the school has suggested that I state the principles of selection. The phrases, "principles of selection," "rules for selection," would, however, be entirely out of place. They imply too much that is sure and definite. I can only give you my own experience and some practical hints drawn from it.

The subject has a further difficulty arising from the fact that much must depend on the prepossessions, the judgment, the eye of the selector. The only universal rule for selection that can be given is, "Take all you can get." That holds always. Nothing comes amiss, from the woodcut or process plates clipped out of duplicate magazines, prospectuses, advertisements, to the $15 carbons and the painting whose price is in the thousands. Take all you can beg or borrow, but when it is a question of buying from the funds of a small library, "all you can get" is very little, and the most rigid economy with the wisest discretion is needed.

If we take some books and pictures and reject others it must be because we want to do something that the books accepted will help us in doing and the others would not. What, then, is our purpose in buying art books and pictures? Why do we have an art department? We can best make

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a little money go a long way if we know just what we are aiming to do and whom we are working for.

Speaking generally, the objects of a public library are: (1) to recreate, rest, please; (2) to instruct, enlighten, satisfy the desire for knowledge; (3) to improve, elevate, morally and spiritually; (4) to inspire, vitalize, which is an intenser degree of (3). These are the main objects also of the art section, but there is added a special quality arising from the subject matter, art.

1 Besides the pleasure that comes from the story of a picture, as it might from a novel, is the pleasure derived from the artistic excellence of the picture because it is well painted, in drawing, color, composition.

2 Besides the geographic, historical, biographic or ethnologic knowledge that pictures give, there is the knowledge of art styles and methods, of art history, and of the artist himself.

3 Besides moral or spiritual improvement there is growth in appreciation of beauty, improvement of artistic perception and judgment, of eye and taste.

By many persons it would be asserted that this special work of the art section is its chief or only raison d'être.

With the third, moral or spiritual improvement, as distinguished from artistic, your selection will have very little to do. It is true that, as is said in Colonel Newcome's favorite quotation, "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes," etc., "to have faithfully learned the ingenuous arts softens manners and does not allow men to be savages." Undoubtedly familiarity with and love for great works of art in the main tend to disincline a man for mob violence or for gross enjoyments, to encourage the kindlier feelings and religious reverence where they already exist; though it must be acknowledged that even great knowledge of art or exquisite skill as an artist is not incompatible in certain natures with complete selfishness. But admitting all the softening, refining, elevating effect of art, you can not make this to any

extent a guide to your selection. With obvious exceptions, you can not say this picture will have such and such a moral and that picture will have such another effect. The power of a picture in that way depends on its adaptation to the beholder's moral state. The effect is unseen, unconscious usually, cumulative, working slowly, "like the gentle rain from heaven," and is greatest where it is least needed. It exists, but it is not to be planned for; you must take it as it comes, and be glad to believe — by faith, not by sight — that it will come.

It is different with the other two objects, pleasure and instruction, whether artistic or general. They must affect choice very seriously, and how they affect it depends largely on the character of the public to which you are to minister. Obviously it would make a great difference whether you were to provide for a tribe of savages who have not yet learned to read pictorial representation, who do not even know that certain black tracings mean a tree and a certain mass of color a cow (for there are said to be a few so brute-like), or for the persons whose taste is perfectly satisfied with the chromo that is "given away with every pound of coffee," or for children, who, even if they are yet largely in the savage state, are impressionable, and can be led in time into the region of art, or for those who are already there, whether in the art clubs or as students in the schools, or for highly cultivated amateurs, broad-minded and liberal or narrow-minded, exclusive, and hard to please, as the case may be, or, finally, for artists, the most difficult critics of all.

If you had to deal only with one of these classes your work would not be easy; but in the large cities always, and sometimes even in small towns, you have to deal with all but the first.

The first thing, then, is to ascertain whether your public has any definite art character, any knowledge of art, any traditions of art study and taste. If it has, you will of course

try to satisfy its wants; and if they appear to you a little one sided, you will, so far as funds allow, try to broaden them and lead them into new art fields. If, for example, they care only for painting, and are indifferent to sculpture and architecture, a few well chosen Perry prints of these arts or a subscription to the Library Art Club may give them a chance to open their eyes.

It is not easy to ascertain the art status of a community, and whatever is found out is true only for the time, for the status is constantly changing. When I first heard of the Forbes Library I knew nothing of Northampton; but in 24 years at the Boston Athenæum I found that almost every one likes a little good art, so I suggested to the Forbes trustees that they should have some photographs of paintings and architecture and that I (then in Paris) should buy them. By the time they were bought I had become librarian and brought many art books and about a thousand photographs home with me, and at once began to exhibit them. Till then Northampton had done nothing special in art. Art was not studied in the schools or clubs, there was no art section in the city library. We kept on exhibiting photographs and writing about them in the newspapers and forcing art on the people; and the result is that now there are five clubs studying art, there is a most excellent teacher in the schools, and the schoolroom walls are covered with pictures and casts borrowed from the Forbes Library. It is very unusual not to find some one studying in the art room, and often the small place is crowded. A few days ago 163 persons had out art books and 324 persons had out photographs. Unluckily for our credit the count was made just after the teachers had returned their books in preparation for Easter vacation; but there were still out 2479 photographs and 377 books on art. Among photographs returned the attendant remembered 100 after Raphael's paintings and 97 of Rome (pictures and architecture).

You will notice that I did not do what I said was neces-

sary — find out first the character of the people. I bought for a long time on general principles, getting the things I thought they would like or ought to like, practically, I suppose, what I liked myself; but now I am attending very closely to their tastes, observing what sort of things they are interested in, so that when they come with specific wants we may be provided with the best we can get in those lines.

Preparation. If the librarian is to select wisely he must know a good deal about art. It does not take long to learn a little and it is a constant delight to learn more in this fascinating field. To ask you to educate yourself in art is not, then, demanding something extravagant or disagreeable. The man who has an ear for music, an eye for art and for nature, and a sympathy with human nature need not fear a dull ending for his life. I remember hearing Mr Thies, curator of the collection of engravings bequeathed by Mr Gray to Harvard College Library, describe the eagerness with which Mr Gray, then on his death bed, seized a fine engraving that had just arrived and the intense pleasure with which he commented on its beauties.

To stand for the first time before the Sistine Madonna at Dresden, absolutely fearing to raise one's eyes to look at it, to wander through a foreign gallery in a state of intoxication with which wine has nothing to do, to take up an etching with a quiver of admiration, to be awed in a French cathedral, pleased with the temples at Paestum, charmed by the fancies of a Japanese design — these are the privileges of the art lover and worth all the time and attention spent in self-educaion, if that very effort were not in itself a pleasure. Some may even find in it a happiness apart from the trials, sorrows, disappointments, drudgery of existence, an interior life of enchantment, a fool's paradise, if you will, chimerical and yet very real — while it lasts.

Art teaches one to see. This it does in several ways. The first is by depicting objects much more distinctly than we

actually see them and so calling attention to appearances which we should see if we looked at them carefully with a distance glass. This is the unnatural clearness which we find in the work of the preimpressionist and antiimpressionist schools. Another way is by isolating scenes and putting them on the walls, where we have to attend to them instead of glancing hastily about as we ordinarily do; the artist is a friend pointing out to us the beauties of the scene. Third, by the study of books written for beginners in art showing the effect of perspective in representing distance, of shades in representing form, and the existence of reflected lights and of harmonies and contrasts in color and the beauties of individual tints, all matters which are usually taken merely as guides in the business of life and not thought of at all as themselves facts worth knowing, any more than we think of letters in reading or of vocal organs in speaking. Now for most people it is not worth while to think much about letters and vocal organs after they have learned to spell, to talk or to sing; these are not agreeable objects of contemplation in themselves. But the attention once called to nature, it is an unfailing source of pleasure, a life admission to an inexhaustible museum.

Art, I repeat, teaches us to see. As has been well said, "Mr Whistler's art has educated the younger generation to a new perception of beauty. In his wonderful nocturnes he has fixed on canvas the blue transparent darkness of the night as it envelops the city and is reflected in the gas-lit river — the darkness through which you descry the dim forms of tall bridges and phantom boats, of illusive spires and dream-like palaces." So writes Mr Rummell in his "American Painters." Hundreds had seen these things before Whistler, but thousands had not. I do not doubt that the idea of looking for beauty in a London fog came to many for the first time from the sight of his nocturnes, for all of us go through the world with our eyes half shut and see only a small part of what is around us till some one

calls our attention to it. So if any one wants to enjoy nature to the full he can help himself by studying art, and if any one wants to enjoy art he will do so the more fully the better he knows nature.

You must come to your work from the inside, not from the outside. When you yourself are a seeker in art and a lover of every kind of art — when you live the mystery of Rembrandt and the serenity of Raphael, the light cheerfulness of Corot and the gloom of Millet, when the contorted bodies and sad faces of the English preraphaelites or the meagerness and ugliness of the Cologne artists are as dear to you as the graceful lines of the Grecian statues or the perfect beauty of Raphael or Titian and you feel the spirit expressed in each, you may be able to serve your clients well. You can not succeed as long as you hand out your pictures as so many sheets of stationery.

How, then, shall you learn to see and love the good things in pictures? By looking at them. There is no other way. You may get a little assistance by reading the fine things which critics have written about them; but if I judge by my own experience, you will not at first see any of the things they see. You might as well expect to learn to enjoy a great piece of music by reading Philip Hale's programs to the Boston Symphony concerts. No, look, look, look; gaze and absorb. What you find out for yourself will be much more than what you learn from a teacher.

Emerson said half humorously to his friend at Ole Bull's first concert, "Nudge me at the best passages that I may thrill at the right moment." One seeks such advice from experts to save one's vanity. One does not want to be ridiculous in his admiration. But such help, though it is good for the time and assists in training the taste, is not for permanent dependence. In the long run one wants to know himself what is best, to thrill without being nudged.

Nevertheless, have a teacher if you can, have many teachers, to supplement one another's shortcomings and

neutralize one another's prejudices. As often as you can, hear what a painter has to say about a painting. Talk with an art critic, an art teacher, a friend. Hear what everybody has to say and compare it with what you think yourself.

The gist of what I have said lies in four short sentences:

Open your eyes and see.

Read much but look more.

See for yourself; he who does not does not see at all.

Don't try to criticize; try to enjoy.

Or, to sum it all in one, Do your own thrilling.

Art history. There is a great deal of pleasure to be got from tracing the progress of painting, noting the continuity of art history, how today proceeds from yesterday and that from the day before, how one painter influenced another, how the conception changed and methods changed with it; in short, in tracing the evolution of style. If one can do that — but he can not unless he gives time to it — one is much better able to understand any one painter.

It is well to form classifications of styles and note how one melts into another; to construct for your own use little "philosophies of art history," so to speak. They may not be correct, for the data on which they rest must for a long time be incomplete; but you will learn a great deal in making them, and they will serve, as do working hypotheses in science, to enable the mind to bear up under a great load of otherwise disconnected detail.

For instance, speaking broadly, the course of any style of architecture could be said to be construction, ornamented construction, constructed ornament. At first construction is the main thing; the problems to be solved are its problems, and the buildings show clearly that the chief effects are constructive: ruggedness, strength, massiveness, grandeur, impressiveness. Then, these problems having been solved, ornament, which of course existed before but subordinately, becomes more and more the main thought of the architect. And finally, all legitimate forms of ornament having been

used, in the effort to get something new, ornament, instead of being an outcome and a revealer of the form, is heaped on independently, overpowering and concealing the structure. The first stage is specially visible in the Gothic, whose whole existence came from a peculiarity of construction — the working out of the capabilities of the pointed arch. The last stage is not very apparent in that style, because just when people were getting tired of Gothic and before its degeneration had gone very far (in the later flamboyant in France and the extreme perpendicular in England) the revived interest in Greek and Roman literature and art came suddenly, and the Gothic building ceased at once and had no time to become perverted. The Renaissance hardly had the first period at all, because it was not, like the Gothic, an original style, but a mere imitation of the Roman imitation of the Greek, and because it is essentially a style of ornament rather than of construction. Take, for example, the solidity, strength, trustworthiness of the Roman arch, and see how the late Renaissance used it as an ornament, with a slice cut out of the middle, where the keystone should be, its strength and all its beauty of form gone. The very foundation of the style should not have been treated with such indignity.

In painting, too, there is a progression: first feeling without beauty (the preraphaelites), then beauty with sentiment, then beauty with sentimentality, then cold beauty, then neither beauty nor feeling. This is a crude generalization, representing only part of the course of modern painting, and having many exceptions; but it may assist in classifying the painters and tracing the progress from the painters before Raphael to the classicists and realists.

Purchase. Most libraries have a proportionately small fund for art, and librarians must make money go as far as possible. To this end get first some striking pictures of the great masters; for example, one of Braun's large carbons from Rembrandt, one of the Berlin Photographic plates of

Burne-Jones, preferably something not very common, that its effect may not be dulled by familiarity. Two of such quality you may afford. Then spend the rest of your money on something smaller and cheaper, getting many artists and many scenes in forms that may not satisfy but are very convenient to use.

I recommend variety. To illustrate again by literature: if I could buy only two books for the library, and if one by Howells, let us say, good but not popular, and another by Kipling, good and very popular, were offered, I should buy both rather than two copies of the Kipling. It seems to me better to broaden one's field and the taste of one's public than to concentrate efforts on fully satisfying fads and freaky tastes, or rather, I should say, pursue a middle course. So with pictures. But pursuing a middle course is a work of judgment and of tact.

Do not get things whose value is mainly artificial, depending on the fashion of the moment. Avoid the follies of the editions de luxe. These editions are, indeed, usually (not always) better than the ordinary edition, but the increase in price is almost without exception far in excess of the increase in value. They are, in fact, made up to sell.

The illustrations in art books will not answer all our needs. Books are not convenient to pass round at a lecture or lesson and can not be hung on the walls of a schoolroom. And if one is in search of a particular picture or building it is not so easy to find the representations of it in the art histories as to go direct to a box where they are all brought together.

You will of course wish to be patriotic and not to fill your phototheks solely with work of foreign artists. But it is right that we should go abroad first; in doing so we are following the course of history. When we have learned foreign art we can better understand our own, both in its imitation and its originality. It is not easy to get representations of

American art, for as yet not many of our artists have been copied, and compared with the foreign photographs, ours are dear. There are, however, among the cheaper copies about a score of Perry prints and some Harper prints. A good way to fill up gaps in the collection is to put into the art room numbers of magazines in which illustrated articles have been devoted to single artists.

One important selection for you to make is the choice of dealers. As a rule, almost without exception, do not buy art books of canvassers. Even if the books are what you want you will usually pay more than is necessary, and if you are not sure of your subject they will talk you into buying inferior books or works that you do not really need.

It would be wrong to assert that no traveling art agents are honest, but it is certain that they are exposed to strong temptations to impose on the ignorant or the half-educated librarian. We are such easy prey. We know something about books, printed literature, and naturally we think we know something about printed art. If it were a question of choosing a statue or a painting we should feel our incompetence and seek advice; but a proof engraving, an etching, a drawing, a water color even, we fancy we understand and so step into the trap he sets. He finds that a little adroit flattery, a little surprise to find one who knows so much in a small town, or, on the other tack, the occasional use of phrases like "of course you know" or "I need not tell *you*," combined with a glib tongue and an array of printed recommendations and signed subscription books, will enable him to sell, at anywhere from twice to ten times their commercial value, sets of late impressions of engravings which may have been of merit in the early state of the plates, sets of so-called "drawings" which are merely photographic or lithographic copies possibly touched up by hand, "etchings" whose only connection with the needle is through the heliogravure process, "water colors" which will have to be

classified under color-printing. He finds us, I say, an easy market on which to unload second-rate goods or fake art. What wonder if he yields to the temptation.

Let me tell you some of my escapes. A German woman came to me with a "rare pamphlet many hundred years old," its age, she said, shown by its rude pictures and stained covers, which she would sell, being the last copy she had, for $15, though it had cost her $25. It proved to be "Schlau schläuer, am schläusten" by Seyppel, a work in which the old style of printing, illustration, binding had been intentionally imitated. I happened to be standing near Kayser's "Bücher-Lexikon." I took down the proper volume and pointed out to her that she had been very unfortunate in giving $25 for the pamphlet, as it was published in Düsseldorf for 4 marks. She turned, and without a word put the pamphlet back in her pack. I then saw that she had dozens of them. This was so clumsy an imposture that it is hard to believe that any librarian was taken in by it; but no doubt she sold her goods to somebody.

A better contrived story was told me by a traveling salesman. His statement was that an "International Society of Artists" had got up a portfolio of 37 etchings by the greatest French etchers after the greatest paintings by the greatest French artists, both giving their services, so that the profits of the venture might send poor young artists to the Paris exhibition of 1900 (this was in 1898). There was also a quarto volume of text by many writers, edited by F. G. Dumas and published by Baschet at Paris, without date. I have forgotten the price. It was probably three or four hundred dollars. I let the man talk, and looked at the engravings. On several of them I noticed in very small type "Copyrighted by" some society whose name I have forgotten, but not the International Society of Artists, in 1883; that is to say, these engravings, said to be issued to send poor artists to the exposition in 1900, had been before the public for 15 years. And in turning over the text I

found one of the lives signed by E. Duranty, who died in 1881, that is, 19 years before the exhibition.

Another man came to me with an oak box containing 30 drawings by Felix O. C. Darley illustrative of Shakspere, the story in this case being that Darley himself finished only 381 sets before his sudden death, that they were subscribed for at gradually increasing prices from $650 to $3280 a set; the seller showed me the signed subscription blanks specifying the sums. One of these bore the name of a librarian now dead. I hope he subscribed at the lowest sum, for his successor assures me that there is nothing of Darley in the copy but the design and Darley's signature, the rest being a lithographic reproduction. He also points out that two copies sold last year at auction for $65 and $80 respectively. The set was offered to me as a great bargain at $510; and as I demurred, the price was reduced to $450, $350, and finally $250. The agent lugged away his great bargain.

It may be asked why, if the imitation is so good that it can not be distinguished from the original except by an expert, it is not just as well to buy it. Will it not give as much pleasure and as much instruction? There is something to be said on that elsewhere. But note that I am not objecting to buying these things but to giving ten times their commercial value, and thereby preventing buying other things that are equally needed.

Architecture. I wish to say a word about several special arts.

In architecture it is as much easier than formerly to make adequate provision for students as it is in painting. Besides the illustrations in the excellent histories there are for slender purses very good reproductions in the Perry prints (1c, 2c and 5c), though the choice is as yet somewhat limited. Photographs of the French churches one can get in the Robert Mieusement series for 50c each; but if a friend will select for one in Paris, the N. D. postal cards

give an admirable representation of French ecclesiastic architecture (and civil too, but it is seldom worth having) at 2c a card or 20c a dozen, with a further discount if one buys several hundred. R. D. Cleveland of Hinsdale, Ohio, issues a very good series of photographs, largely architectural, taken in France and England in 1900. Unmounted they cost $4 a dozen or $30 a hundred.

I must not omit the beautiful series of architectural photographs taken by E. Soderholtz in 1901 and sold by the Soule Co. I think at 50c each, nor the striking California pictures of scenery and the old Spanish missions, published by M. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard of San Francisco, called the "J. I. S." photos and costing from 50c to $2 each.

I should advise, as I did in regard to paintings, that the poor library should get a few striking pictures of famous buildings and then as many as possible of a cheaper sort.

The richer library will pursue the same policy, only on a larger scale; trying always to get specimens of the best of every age, and, as in painting, after filling up the stock of the best known and most admired kinds, you will get the out of the way, the less studied, to surprise, to broaden, often to delight your public, without too much regard for your own taste. For my part I love those old churches in the romanesque style, which preceded the Gothic in France. Their massive walls, fortresslike, their stout round arches, their rude ornament, so simple yet so rich, their quaint sculpture, almost savage but sincere, the relics of paintings on the walls — all these give me a pleasure which not even the loveliness of the Gothic can surpass. They are the miracle plays of architecture, an *Everyman* in stone. You should surely have some of these. Get the façade of Poictiers, Angoulême, and the sculptures at the portal of Chartres, the domes of Périgueux and the tympanum of Vézelay or Le Mans, and the capitals of Autun, and add the church at Iffley or the staircase at Canterbury, and as many more as you can afford.

But you will have a more admiring public for the Gothic, that marvel in which a wall of glass supports a roof of stone. Get some of that too, Amiens, Rheims, Rouen, Chartres, Laon, and the best English cathedrals, and possibly one or two from the countries where the Gothic made little progress — Spain, Italy, Germany — to show the difference of styles; Cologne, for example, where the ill-advised finishers made the two towers exactly alike, substituting classic regularity and repetition for the harmony in variety which, like nature's, is the very essence of the Gothic. Even these few examples may show certain national characteristics — the German force, the Spanish extravagance, the Italian profusion, as the English cathedrals in their present state are monuments of English respectability, and the French exhibit a combination of power and ingenuity with lightness of hand and sureness of taste.

There is nothing, perhaps, more beautiful than a Greek temple, but when one has seen one Ionic Greek temple one has seen all Ionic Greek temples. It is a case of *toujours perdrix*. The lover of variety, therefore, will not rest content without massive Egypt, barbaric India, quaint China or Japan, and the strangely attractive missions of our own California.

Portraits. The artist, they say, puts something of himself into his pictures; in his portraits specially he puts his own character. It must be so, for he will see what he sympathizes with, and he will sympathize with what he is in common with his subject. But this does not mean that the portrait is untruthful. Character has many sides, and for each artist there are certain traits with which he is most successful. A prevailing style of face is to be found even in the greatest portrait painters. You will soon learn to recognize the dignity of Velasquez, the grace of Van Dyck, the heartiness of Hals, the strength of Dürer, the strong sagacity of Rembrandt's earlier portraits, the intense sadness of his later faces.

But what in the genius is greatness of achievement in special directions becomes limitation in the inferior artists. Monoprosopoeia sets in and is wearisome. One soon tires of the eternal Gibson girl and the two — or at most three — faces of Du Maurier.

In turning over the pages of a book lately, I came across a portrait to me unknown of one of the mistresses of one of the Louis — I can not recollect which, but a very able woman. I had seen portraits of her before, with elaborately dressed hair, a court dress, and a court face. This one was taken in her early days before she had schooled herself to express nothing. In her mobile, fascinating face you saw that it was not so much beauty as intellect and will that had brought her to power. That is the kind of portrait that is wanted for the library. And for the walls nothing but the best, for it is in portraits more than in any other branch of art that you must require genius; the portrait that has none is deader than a doornail. The large portrait for the walls, the miniature for the show case, the ordinary portrait by the ordinary man for the boxes, where it will be kept with the real portraits which the library owns in too small size for exhibition.

Water colors, engraving, etching, wood engraving. In water colors you look for less solidity, less reality of presentation than in oil paintings, with more delicacy, but there may be also breadth and vigor, and in the best there are delightful combinations of color. In general, however, water colors are beyond the means of libraries, and reproductions of water colors do not differ much from reproductions of oils.

As a means of reproducing paintings the engraving is fast yielding to the photograph. The engraver puts something of himself into his copy. *Traduttore traditore.* The photograph, it is true, has its infidelities; the different sensitiveness of the plate to different colors distorts the values; yet in the hands of a master and with all the modern dis-

coveries, it comes much nearer than the engraving ever did. However, he who can will secure both versions of the great pictures; he will not disdain Unger's etchings because he has Braun's carbons.

But the engraving for its own sake, as itself a work of art, has lost none of its attraction, and has, unfortunately for us, added much to its price. You will have to remember that you are not "collectors." Only the richest libraries can afford to indulge in fine impressions, first states, proofs before letters; and even they must for such luxuries rely chiefly on gifts and bequests. Let the collector collect for you. Do not attempt to rival him in the auction room or the dealers' shops.

Still fine impressions are in the highest degree desirable, and the librarian will do well to train himself, so far as he has opportunity, in the judgment of engravings. In a good impression the plate shows no sign of wear, the light and shade have all their value and the lines are intact. One knows wear by a want of clearness where clearness ought to be, and in very bad cases the plate looks as if it had been rubbed or had even received a blow. Even if one is never to exercise his knowledge in buying, it is a great pleasure to be able to feel the difference between different copies of the same engraving and thoroughly to enjoy the best because it is the best.

Etching is one of the most artistic forms of art, but not appreciated to its value by the general public. For this reason as well as the high prices for the best work it is not to be thought of for a small library.

Wood engraving in its best specimens is another luxury beyond our reach. The Jost Ammans and the Dürers we can not afford as a rule, but good photographic reproductions are to be found in the more modern histories of great woodcutters. There are charming woodcut copies in Chatto and Jackson's "Treatise on Wood Engraving," and there is a fairly good and very cheap series published at Leipzig by

J. J. Weber, under the title "Meisterwerke der Holzschneidekunst." But in a small library one good history of wood engraving is all that is needed.

For every kind of engraving the photograph is doing the same service as it does for painting. The reproductions of Rembrandt's etchings by Amand-Durand, for instance, are hardly distinguishable from the originals. The heliotype and the photograph both represent the line engraving remarkably well, much better than paintings can be reproduced, because engravings have no color to be lost or converted into exaggerated shadows.

Original drawings. Original drawings we hardly want for *our* collections; as unique objects they can not be lent and must be consulted with such precautions that for ordinary purposes of the library they are useless. This is fortunate because we could not get many. But good reproductions of drawings, as fit for uses of study and almost as enjoyable as the originals, can be easily procured. One good collection is the "Handzeichnungen alter Meister aus der Albertina und anderen Sammlungen, hrsg. von Schönbrunner und Meder," Wien, 1895, etc. Each number has 10 to 15 facsimiles and costs 3 marks. The yearly volume is 42 marks. Each plate is carefully labeled with the name of the school to which it belongs, so that the plates can easily be arranged by schools and subarranged by artists. The facsimiles, which are in the tints of the originals, are excellently done. There is another collection, better and costlier: "Zeichnungen alter Meister im Kupferstichkabinet der kaiserlichen Museen zu Berlin, hrsg. von Lippmann." Each part contains 10 plates and costs 15 marks. The publication was begun in 1902 by G. Grote in Berlin.

There are also volumes giving the complete drawings of Rembrandt, of Da Vinci, and others, which it is not needful to enumerate. They are very expensive and almost without call in the ordinary library. The Library of Congress, Boston Public Library, Harvard College Library, New York

Public Library will, of course, have them all. The thorough student must consult them in those great collections. Twenty-five years ago he would have had to go to Europe and consult the originals, for the facsimiles did not exist.

Book illustration. The division of book illustration is provided for to a certain extent by the necessary purchases of the library. If more can be afforded a most interesting field of collection is opened, which has been thus far somewhat neglected by our librarians in their attention to more important things. It is not often great art, but it is art in one of its most engaging forms. There are two objections to making this collection for a public library: first that book illustration is not pure art, just as the music drama is not pure music, a large part of its interest lying in its interrelation with the text, so that it has not been thought of in connection with the art section; and secondly that this text wears out the book. But in the case of very pretty or otherwise interesting illustrations of children's books or popular works, such as those by Crane, Kate Greenaway and Hugh Thomson, the library that can afford to should get two copies, one to be given up to destructive use, the other to be preserved carefully in the art section.

The field, as I said, is a fascinating one. It unites many sources of pleasure: the purely artistic interest of tracing the alteration of style; the marked individuality of the illustrators, who work perhaps with a freer hand than those who are engaged on larger and more imposing pictures; the study of character, which is often more fully exhibited than in more ambitious paintings; the preservation of manners and costume of the age, and often a degree of humor hardly to be paralleled except by the Dutch masters. The German Chodowiecki, the French Eisen of the 18th century, Tony Johannot and Gavarni in the next, Vierge and Leloir now, and a host of others, and our own American Abbey and Garrett, and more, whom I can not begin to mention, will give you a chance for every variety of taste.